History of Limerick, little has been written about their way of life. Michael Hogan, the Bard of Thomond, went to live in Park in November 1867, but his experience there was not conducive to writing. The winter was an unusually cold one, with arctic north-east winds, heavy frost and snow. The house in which the Bard lived was a new one with only a light coating of thatch. The fresh walls wept constantly and fires had to be kept lighted day and night in a vain effort to keep the house warm. The poet was soon laid low with a cold which the Bard lived was a new one with only a light coating of thatch. The fresh walls wept constantly and 'fires had to be kept lighted day and night in a vain effort to keep the house warm. The poet was soon laid low with a cold.

The Bard's memories of the Garden of Limerick were, therefore, not rosies ones. Two years afterwards, with the wintery chill of Park barely banished from his bones, Hogan wrote his fourth Shawn-a-Scoob pamphlet. In "The Park Deputation", one of the most scathing lampoons in this work, he tells the story of the delegation of members of the Limerick Town Council, who went to pay court on the bishop at his Park palace, on the return of Dr. Butler from a visit to London. Perhaps the poet was trying to exorcise the unhappy memories, still burning in his mind, as in his body, when he poured out his invective on the red-robed councillors. In the poem he reserves his most violent vituperation for two members, Mayor Thomas Joyce ("Tom Scoob") and the historian Maurice Lenihan ("Maurice Birch"): "Tom Scoob led the van of the sycophant squadron, Such a captain ne'er figured in old times nor modern; The scant bit of ermine that clothed and crowned him, Just looked like a gipsy's red petticoat round him." A Park woman saw him - she pilliwined and fainted, For she thought 'twas the devil in oil-colours painted...

But Tom is as trained to the science of dodging, As a spaniel at fetching or gipsy at caddying. He has a devil of a coal-hole in Patrick's Well, As deep as the Tartarean kitchen of hell....

Maurice Birch, like the ghost of MacBeth 'mid his fellows, Looked as white as a thief on his way to the gallows. Oh, to see his fish-face, like a dim churchyard candle, How ghostly it shone o'er his flaming red mantle; For the spectral complexion the ermine imparted Made him seem like a corpse from death's prison deserted". But another poet took a more sympathetic view of Park. Canon Ross Lewin, a minor Anglo-Irish writer who extolled the glorious victories of the British Empire in his verse, was stirred to write a poem in praise of the Parkmen's industry. The simple language of "The Men of Park" is used effectively to evoke the quiet mood and sense of timeless of this hidden Limerick. The poem also contains some enduring images of the patient Parkmen toiling their lives away in the secure shadows of the neo-Gothic stone spire of St. John's Cathedral, beneath the gently sloping hills of Clare.

"Shadows of the evening softly fall On towers and spire, cathedral wall. Sons of the earth, of toil and moil, Delving and digging the deep rich soil, Patiently working from dawn till dark, Such are the lives of the men of Park.

I've passed them by in the early day, When the city folk in their slumber lay, When the dew shone white on the grassy lawn, And the cocks 'gan crow at the rising dawn, And the blithe notes rang from the soaring lark, And there at their work were the men of Park.

And when at even the vespers bell Is tolling, tolling - o'er brake and dell, And the birds are speeding their homeward flight..."